



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

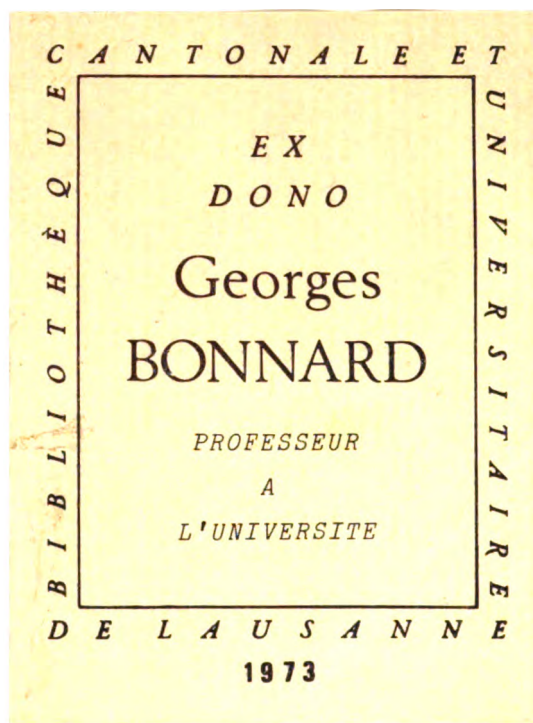
We also ask that you:

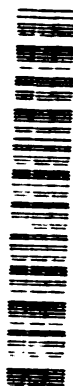
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







9 2 5 6 3 9

**BCU - Lausanne**



**1094785638**





*J. Johnson*

The much admired *Play*,  
CALLED,  
P E R I C L E S,  
PRINCE of TYRE,

*With the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures,  
and Fortunes of the said Prince.*

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE,  
and published in his life time,  
never before Printed in Folio.



32920

L O N D O N, Printed for P. C. 1664;  
and  
Re-Printed for Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street. 1865.



# SHAKESPEARE.

REPRINT OF THE FIRST EDITION,

The "Famous Folio" of 1623.

NOW READY, THE COMPLETED VOLUME OF

## MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

London: Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623; and Re-Printed  
for L. Booth, 307 Regent Street, 1864.

The chief object in the reproduction of this, for all critical purposes the most important edition of Shakespeare extant, has been, not mere resemblance, but that it should prove "so rarely and exactly wrought"—page for page, line for line, word for word, letter for letter, ornamentation for ornamentation—as to be, excepting a more convenient size, "one and the self-same thing" with its prototype. That the attempt has been successful, the testimony of the most important journals of the time has satisfactorily proved.

This reprint comprises three sizes; one to range with all good Octavo Editions of Shakespeare, another to range with Knight's Pictorial and similar Editions, the third being uniform with the Original Folio.

The Small Paper, to range with a demy 8vo. volume, cloth boards, antique pattern, 1 vol. 31s. 6d.; the Large Paper, 1 vol. crown 4to. half vellum, 2l. 12s. 6d.; the Folio (of which only 100 have been printed) 1 vol. half-bound, Roxburghe style, 5l. 5s.

The Small Paper has been issued in Parts, of which the Third and concluding Part, containing the TRAGEDIES, is now ready, in an appropriate binding, 10s. 6d.

Parts I. and II. contain respectively the COMEDIES and HISTORIES.

### *Extracts from various Reviews which have appeared in the Public Press.*

"It is ground for cordial satisfaction to find the tercentenary year has really produced a monument to Shakespeare far nobler and more appropriate than that which was projected by the National Committee. It has witnessed the publication of the three most remarkable and precious editions of his works which have been given to the public since his own day. . . . Foremost, among these, we may place the now completed *fac simile* reprint of the FIRST FOLIO, published by Mr. L. Booth. How many thousands among the readers of SHAKESPEARE have longed for an opportunity of perusing that virgin text, a copy of which has been deemed cheap at one hundred pounds? Here they have it for less than a fiftieth of that sum, far handier for reading than the original, of which it is, in all respects, a faithful reproduction."—*Morning Star*, Jan. 16, 1865.

"The complete volume is the most accurate book of its class ever yet issued, so far as is at present known. The first two Parts are perfect as *fac-similes* of the original, and no deviation or error has yet been found. The third Part, so far as we have had time to test it, is equally faultless."—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Jan. 16, 1865.



"This noble tribute to the incomparable genius of Shakespeare is at length, by the issue of the third instalment of it, completed,—and so completed,—let us say in one word, triumphantly. As a tribute to a great author it is, in its way, simply unprecedented. . . . The enterprise of Mr. Booth, in thus placing within the reach of his fellow-countrymen an exact reprint of the original edition of the works of Shakespeare, not only deserves recognition at the hands of the critic, but demands encouragement from all those lettered Englishmen—'speaking the language Shakespeare spake'—who are capable of appreciating a book which is in itself one of the glories of our national literature."—*Sun*, Feb. 9, 1865.

"Let us iterate and reiterate what we remarked when the first part of Mr. Booth's admirable reprint appeared. It is the most valuable assistance to the study of Shakespeare which has been offered since Shakespeare's time. Critics and commentators are of value, questionless; but when the material with which they deal is inaccessible to the reader, their value is greatly diminished. Now here is 'the famous Folio of 1623,'—the folio of Heminge and Condell—the folio which rare Ben Johnson illustrated with elegiac verse—placed within reach of the general reader."—*Pref.*, Jan. 28, 1865.

"The only deviation from the original which has been deemed legitimate is in size. The folio is an inconvenient size for most readers and for most book-shelves. It was thought that, if the form of type were identical with the original, none but a pedant would object that the size was smaller. By the use of a smaller type and a less page a volume is produced which is suitable for the hand, and ranges with the chief library editions of our great dramatist's works. As yet only one-third of the projected work is produced, the Comedies, but these give great promise of what is to come, and in paper, print, binding, and price, do not a little credit to the enterprise and taste of the publisher."—*The Times*, Dec. 28, 1861.

"Mr. Booth offers us this great benefit, and will not fail to meet his reward. What he has done is, for general readers of the poet, worth more than all the criticism, and illustration, and commentary which the two and a half centuries since Shakespeare died have produced."—*The Pref.*, Jan. 18, 1862.

"This 'cheerful semblance' of the First Folio ought to be in the library of every lover of Shakespeare, upon whose shelves a copy of the goodly volume issued by Isaac Iaggard and Edward Blount in 1623, is not to be found."—*Notes and Queries*, Jan. 18, 1862.

"The reprint is executed in a style which surpasses the expectation to which its announcement gave rise."—*Morning Post*, Jan. 18, 1862.

"Without desiring to underrate the labours which modern editors of Shakespeare have brought to bear on his plays, or to deny the services these gentlemen have rendered in clearing away many obscurities and in resolving many doubtful readings, it may with justice be said that the most commendable act performed of late years in Shakespeareology is that which places in the hands of the public a simple reproduction of the folio of 1623. That rare edition has always been the fountain-head of authority, though somewhat choked by weeds of error. In plucking these away, emendators have too often 'plucked out brain and all,' their improvements frequently serving to destroy the most Shakespearean of Shakespeare's fancies."—*Daily Telegraph*, Jan. 20, 1862.

"With regard to the literal accuracy, which is the great desideratum, we believe every reliance may be placed upon it; and are assured that the greatest pains have been taken to secure its perfect fidelity."—*The Critic*, Jan. 25, 1862.

"Even regarding the Folio of 1623 as a mere literary curiosity, it will be no slight boon to find the plays of our great poet reproduced in the very text in which they were first given to his countrymen, but at such a cost that almost every student may place upon his shelf a prize which heretofore none but the very wealthy could have hoped to acquire."—*Daily News*, Feb. 8, 1862.

"Mr. Booth's reprint is as remarkable for beauty and accuracy as it is for cheapness. Indeed, we know of no book of late times which can be compared with it in the combination of all these excellencies."—*The Spectator*, Feb. 8, 1862.

---

L. BOOTH, 307 REGENT STREET, W.

# P E R I C L E S, PRINCE OF TYRE.

By

*MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

The Text from the Third Folio Edition, published in 1664;  
*with Notices of former Editions.*



626  
"13"  
SHA7  
1.2

AZ 5239

L O N D O N .

Printed for L. BOOTH, 307 Regent Street, W. 1865.



LONDON:

Printed by *J. Strangeways* and *H. E. Walden*, 28 Castle Street,  
Leicester Square.

D 21443

This Edition of Pericles, re-printed with the same care as exercised in the reproduction of the First Folio, is copied from the Third Impression in folio of Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, printed for P. C. London 1664, and is issued as a separate play to enable those already possessing the three Parts of the Reprint of the 1623 edition, to bind with them the Play of Pericles, the only acknowledged play of Shakespeare not printed in the "First Folio."

---

The following plays, in the text of the First Folio edition, have been issued separately in 4to., for the purpose of enabling collectors to complete their series of 4to. plays,—and that students may more easily note variations, these copies are interleaved,—half-bound, price five shillings each :—

HAMLET.

HENRY THE FOURTH, PART I.

„ „ PART II.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

HENRY THE SIXTH, PART I.

„ „ PART II.

„ „ PART III.

KING LEAR.

LOVES LABOUR LOST.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM.

MUCH ADOE ABOUT NOTHING.

OTHELLO.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA.

# PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.

---

*The Editions described below are those, as far as known, which preceded the Folio of 1664.*

---

**T**HE late And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures of said Prince: As also, The no less strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and fundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at Lond. for Henry Goffon, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row. 1609. 4to. A to I in fours; I 4 blank. 35 leaves.

**T**HE late, and much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures and fortunes of the sayd Prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath beene diuers and fundry times acted by his Maiestyes Seruants at the Globe on the Banck-side by William Shakespeare. Printed at London by S. S. 1611. 4to. Ends at I 3, verso.

**T**HE late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, aduentures and fortunes of the saide Prince. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for T. P. 1619. 4to. 34 leaves.

The signatures are from R to A a in fours; B b one leaf, and title one leaf.

This edition was printed at the end of "The whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses Lancafter and York." Printed at Lond. for T. P.

**A**NOTHER Edition in 1630. 34 leaves. 4to.

**A**NOTHER Edition in 1635. 34 leaves. 4to.

*\*\*\* By the courteous permission of J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq. F.R.S. &c., and H. G. BOHN, Esq., the above details have been obtained from the "Skeleton Hand-list of the Early Quarto Editions of the Plays of Shakespeare," and from Bohn's "Bibliographical Account of the Works of Shakespeare," 1864.*

The much admired *Play*,  
CALLED,  
P E R I C L E S,  
PRINCE of TYRE,

*With the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures,  
and Fortunes of the said Prince.*

VVritten by VV. SHAKESPEARE,

and published in his life time,

never before Printed in Folio.



L O N D O N, Printed for P. C. 1664.







The much admired *Play*,  
CALLED,  
**PERICLES, PRINCE of TYRE.**

*With the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures,  
and Fortunes of the said Prince.*

Written by VV. SHAKESPEARE,  
and published in his life time.

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

Enter Gower.

**G** O sing a song that old was sung,  
From asbes ancient Gower is come,  
Assuming mans infirmities,  
To glad your ear and please your eyes;

It hath been sung at Festivals,  
On Ember eves, and holy-dayes,  
And Lords and Ladies in their lives,  
Have read it for restoratives.

The purchase is to make men glorious.  
Et bonum quo Antiquius, eo melius.  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;

And that to bear an old man sing,  
May to your wives pleasure bring:  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you like Taper-light.

This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great,  
Built up this City for his chieftest seat;  
The fairest in all Syria.

I tell you what mine Authors say:  
This King unto him took a Peer,  
Who died, and left a female heir,  
So buckwome, blithe, and full of face,  
As heaven had lent her all his grace:  
With whom the Father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke.

Bad child, worse father, to entice his own.  
To evil should be done by none:  
But custom, what they did begin,  
Was with long use, counted no sin.  
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,  
Made many Princes thither frame,

To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:  
Which to prevent, he made a Law,  
To keep her still, and men in awe,  
That who so askt her for his wife,  
His Riddle told not, lost his life:  
So for her many a wight did die,  
As yon grim looks do testifie.  
What ensues to the judgement of your eye,  
I give my cause, who best can testifie.

Exit.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

*Ant.* Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd  
The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have (*Antiochus*) and with a soul emboldned  
With the glory of her praise, think death no hazard,  
In this enterprise.

*Ant.* Musick bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride  
For embracements, even of *Jove* himself;  
At whose conception, till *Lucina* reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The Senate house of *Planets* all did fit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

*Per.* See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the King,  
Of every vertue gives renown to men:  
Her face the book of praises, where is read.  
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence,  
Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.

You

you gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire with in my brest,  
To taste the fruite of yon celestial tree,  
(Or die in the adventure) be my helpe,  
As I am sonne and servant to your will,  
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

*Anti.* Prince Pericles.

*Per.* That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

*Anti.* Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,  
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:  
For death like Dragons here affright thee hard?  
Her face like heaven enticeth thee to view  
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine:  
And which without desert, because thine eye  
Prefumes to reach, all the whole heape must dye,  
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,  
That without covering save yon field of starres,  
Here they stand martyrs flaine in *Cupids* warres:  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,  
For going on deaths net, whome none resist.

*Per.* *Antiochus* I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know it selfe,  
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must:  
For death remembred, should be like a Myrrour,  
Who tels us, life's but breath, to trust in error:  
He make my will then, and as sicke men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erst they did.  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
And all good men, as every prince should do,  
My riches to the earth from whence they came:  
But my vnspotted fire of Love to you,  
Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)  
Scorning advice. Reade the conclusion then.  
*Anti.* Which read and not expounded, tis decreed  
As these before thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all said yet, thou prove prosperous,  
Of all said yet, I with Thee happinesse.

*Per.* Like a bold champion I assume the listes,  
Nor aske advice of any other thought,  
But faithfullnesse and courage.

*The Riddle.*

*I am no Viper, yet I feed  
On mothers flesh which did me breed:  
I sought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindnesse in a father.  
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,  
I Mother, Wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last? but O you Powers!  
That gives heaven countlesse eyes to view mens actes  
Why could they not their sights perpetually?  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,  
Faile glasse of light, I loved you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:  
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,  
for he's no man on whom perfections wait;  
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate:  
You are a fair Vyol, and your sence the strings,

Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musick,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken,  
But being plaid upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:  
Good sooth I care not for you.

*Anti.* Prince Pericles, touch not upon thy life,  
For that's an Article within our Law,  
As dangerous as the rest: your times expir'd,  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Peri.* Great King,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act,  
'Twould braid your self too near for me to tell it:  
Who hath a book of all that Monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut, then shewn:  
For vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others eyes, to spread it self;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the fore eyes see clear.  
To stop the aire would hurt them, the blind Mole cast  
Copt hills toward heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By mans oppression, and the poor worme doth die for't.  
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,  
And if *Jove* stray, who dares say, *Jove* doth ill.  
It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit;  
What being more known, grows worse to smother it.  
All love the womb that their Being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Anti.* Heaven that I had it; he has found the meaning,  
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of Tyre,  
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
Your exposition mis-interpreting,  
We might proceed to cancel off your daies;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree,  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:  
Forty daies longer we do respite you,  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son:  
And untill then, your entertain shall be  
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

*Manet Pericles solus.*

*Per.* How curtesie would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in fight,  
If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certain you were not so bad,  
As with the foul Incest to abuse your soul:  
Where now you'r both a father and a son,  
By your untimely clasps with your child,  
(Which pleasures fits an husband, not a father)  
And the an eater of her mothers flesh,  
By the defiling of her parents bed,  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
*Antioch* farewell, for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,  
Will shew no course to keep them from the light:  
One sin (I know) another doth provoke;  
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smok.  
Poyson and treason are the hands of sin,  
I, and the Targets to put off the shame;  
Then least my life be cropt to keep you clear,  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. *Exit.*

*Enter Antiochus.*

*Anti.* He hath found the meaning,  
For which we mean to have his head,

He

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne  
In such a loathed manner.  
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,  
For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
Who attends us here?

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Tbal.* Doth your Highnesse call?

*Anti.* *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,  
And our mind pertakes her private actions  
To your secrecie; and for your faithfulness  
We will advance you, *Thaliard*.  
Behold, here's poison and here's gold,  
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him.  
It fits thee not to ask the reason why:  
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

*Tbal.* My Lord, 'tis done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Anti.* Enough. Let your breath cool your self, telling  
your haste.

*Mess.* My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

*Anti.* As thou wilt live, flye after; and as an arrow,  
shot from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his eye  
doth level at: so do thou never return, unless thou say,  
Prince *Pericles* is dead.

*Tba* My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length,  
I'll make him sure enough: so farewell to your Highness.

*Anti.* *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *Exit.*

*Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, with other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us:

Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion dull-ey'd melancholly,  
By me so us'd, a guest as not an hour,  
In the dayes glorious walk or peacefull night,  
The tombe where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet,  
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,  
And danger which I fear'd, is at *Antioch*,  
Whose arme seems far too short to hit me here,  
Yet neither pleasures art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:  
Then it is thus, that passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear, what might be done,  
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.  
And so 'tis with me, the great *Antiochus*,  
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,  
Nor boots it me to say I honour,  
If he suspect I may dishonor him.  
And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be known,  
With hostile forces he'll ore-spread the Land,  
And with the stint of war will look so huge,  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state:  
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd, that never thought offence,  
Which care of them, not pity of my self,  
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,

Make both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
And punish that before that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind till ye return to us  
peacefull and comfortable.

*Hell.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:

They do abuse the King that flatter him,  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin,  
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,  
To which that spark gives heart and stronger glowing;  
Whereas reproof obedient and in order,  
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,  
When Signior Sooth here doth proclaim peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,  
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else: but let your cares ore-look  
What shipping, and what ladings in our Haven,  
And then return to us: *Hellicanus* thou hast  
Moov'd us: what seest thou in our looks:

*Hell.* An angry brow, dread Lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in Princes frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hell.* How dares the planets look up unto heaven,  
From whence they have their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from

*Hell.* I have ground the axe my self, (thee  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee rise, sit down, thou art no flatterer,  
I thank thee for it, and heaven forbid,  
That Kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.

Fit Councillor, and servant for a Prince,  
Who by thy wisdom makes a Prince thy servant,  
What would'st thou have me do:

*Hell.* To bear with patience such griefs,  
As you your self do lay upon your self.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a Physician, *Hellicanus*,  
That minister's a potion unto me,  
That thou would'st tremble to receive thy self.  
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,  
Whereas thou know'st (against the face of death)  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to Subjects.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,  
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest,  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father,  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: But thou know'st this,  
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kifs.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
Under the covering of a carefull night,  
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,  
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;  
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants fear  
Decrease not, but grow faster then the years:  
And should he think, as no doubt he doth,  
That I should open to the listening air,  
How many worthy Princes blood were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,  
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with armes,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,  
When all for mine, if I may call offence,  
Must feel warres blow, who fears not innocence:  
Which love to all, of which thy self art one,  
Who now reproved'st me for it.

*Hell.* Alas, sir.

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks, Mufings into my mind, with a thousand doubts How I might stop their tempest ere it came, And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it princely charity to grieve for them.

*Hell.* Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to Freely will I speak. *Antiochus* you fear, (speak, And justly too I think you fear the tyrant, Who either by publick war or private treason, Will take away your life : therefore, my Lord, go travel for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot ; or till the Destinies do cut the thred of his life : your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day serves not light more faithfull then I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith, But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

*Hell.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth, From whence we had our being, and our birth.

*Per.* *Tyre*, I now look from thee then, and to *Tbarsus* Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ; And by whose Letters I'll dispose my self, The care I had and have of Subjects good, On thee I lay, whose wisdoms strength can bear it, I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath, Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both : But in our orbes we live so round and safe, That time of both this truth shall nere convince, Thou shewest a Subjects shine, I a true Prince.

*Enter Tballiard solus.*

*Thal.* So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home : it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it : for if a King bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Hush, here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Helicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.*

*Hell.* You shall not need my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to question me of your Kings departure. His sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* How the King gone ?

*Hell.* If further yet you will be satisfied, why (as it were unlicenc'd of your loves) he would depart ? I'll give some light unto you : Being at *Antioch*.

*Thal.* What from *Antioch* ?

*Hell.* Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not) took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so : and doubting that he had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, he would correct himself ; so puts himself unto the ship-mans toyl, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ; but since he's gone, the Kings Seas must please : he scapt the Land, to perish at the Sea : I'll prevent my self, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Hell.* Lord *Tballiard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come with message unto Princely *Pericles* ; but since my landing I have understood, your Lord hath betook himself to unknown travels, my mes-

sage must return from whence it came.

*Hell.* We have no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to us ; yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleon the Governor of Tbarsus, with his wife and others.*

*Cleon.* My *Dionisia*, shall we rest us here, And by relating tales of others griefs, See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?

*Dion.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it, For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher : O my distressed Lord, even such our griefs are, Here they are but felt, and seen with mischiefs eyes, But like to groves being topt, they higher rise.

*Cleon.* O *Dionisia*, Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it, Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ? Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep : Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep, Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim Them louder, that if heaven slumber, while Their creatures want, they may awake Their helpers, to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes felt several years, And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dion.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This *Tbarsus*, ore which I have the government, A City, on whom plenty held full hand, For riches strew'd her self even in the streets, Whole towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds, And strangers nere beheld, but wonder'd at, Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd, Like one anothers glasse to trim them by : Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight, And not so much to feed on, as delight, All poverty was scorn'd and pride so great, The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dion.* Oh 'tis true.

*Cleon.* But see what heaven can do by this our change : These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre, Were all too little to content and please, Although they gave their creatures in abundance : As houses are desil'd for want of use, They are now starv'd for want of exercise ; Those pallats, who, not yet to favours younger, Must have inventions to delight the taste, Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it : These mothers who to nuzzle up their babes, Thought nought too curious, are ready now To eat those little darlings whom they loved, So sharp are hungers teeth, that man and wife, Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life. Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping, Here many sink, yet those which see them fall, Have scarce strength left to give them burial. Is not this true ?

*Dion.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

*Cleon.* O let those Cities that of plenties cup, And her prosperities so largely taste, With their superfluous ryots hear these tears, The misery of *Tbarsus* may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor ?

*Cleon.*

*Cleon.* Here, speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st in haste, for comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried upon our neighbouring shore, A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cleon.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritour:  
And so in ours; some neighbouring Nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
That stuff the hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already,  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear.

For by the semblance of their flags dislaid, they bring us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cleon.* Thou speak'st like hymnes untutored to repeat,  
*Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.*

But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear, the ground's the lowest,  
And we are half way there: Go tell their General we attend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my Lord.

*Cleon.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter Pericles with attendants.*

*Per.* Lord Governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men,  
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets;  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to release them of their heavy load,  
And these our ships, you happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff within  
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,  
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

*Omnes.* The gods of Greece protect you,  
And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Arise, I pray you, arise; we do not look for reverence, but for love, and harbourage for our self, our ships, and men.

*Cleon.* The which when any shall not gratifie,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children or our selves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils:  
Till when, the which (I hope) shall ne're be seen,  
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept, feast here a while,  
Untill our stars that frown, lend us a smile. *Exeunt.*

## Aëtus Secundus.

*Enter Gower.*

*Gower.* Here have you seen a mighty King  
His child, I wis, to incest bring:  
A better Prince and benigne Lord,  
That will prove awfull both in deed and word.  
Be quiet then, as men should be,  
Till be bath past necessity:  
I'll shew you those in troubles reign,  
Loosing a myte, a Mountain gain:  
The good in conversation,

*To whom I give my benison.*

*Is still at Tharsus, where each man*

*Thinks all is writ be spoken can:*

*And to remember what he does,*

*Build his Statue to make him glorious:*

*But tydings to the contrary,*

*Are brought to your eyes, what need speak I.*

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one doore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shews the letter to Cleon, Pericles gives the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.*

*Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.*

*Good Hellican that staid at home,*

*Not to eat bony like a Drone,*

*From others labours; for though be strive*

*To killen bad, keep good alive:*

*And to fulfill his Princes desire,*

*Saw'd one of all that baps in Tyre:*

*How Thaliard came full bent with sin,*

*And bad intent to murder him;*

*And that in Tharsus was not best,*

*Longer for him to make his rest:*

*He doing so, put forth to Seas,*

*Where when men bin, there's seldome ease,*

*For now the wind begins to blow,*

*Thunder above, and deeps below,*

*Makes such unquiet, that the ship*

*Should bouse him safe, is wrackt and split,*

*And he (good Prince) having all lost,*

*By waves, from coast to coast is tost:*

*All perishe of man, of pelf,*

*Ne ought escapen'd but himself;*

*Till fortune tired with doing bad,*

*Threw him ashore to give him glad:*

*And here he comes; what shall be next,*

*Pardon old Gower, thus long's the Text.*

*Enter Pericles wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry Stars of heaven,  
Wind, Rain, and Thunder: Remember earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you:

And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alas, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,

Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath

Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:

Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,

To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,

And having thrown him from your watry grave,

Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

1. What, to pelch?

2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.

1. What patch-breech, I say.

3. What say you, Master?

1. Look how thou stirrest now.

Come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poor men

That were cast away before us, even now.

1. Alas poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear

What pittifull cries they made to us, to help them,

When (welladay) we could scarcely help our selves.

3. Nay Master, said not I as much,

When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?

They say, they are half fish, half flesh:

A plague on them, they ne're come but I look to be washt.

Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the Sea?

a 3

1. Why



1. Why as men do a Land,  
The great ones eat up the little ones :  
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly  
As to a Whale ; he plaies and tumbles,  
Driving the poor Fry before him,  
And at last devour them all at a mouthfull.  
Such Whales have I heard on a'th land,  
Who never leave gaping, till they swallowed  
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.

*Per.* A pretty Moral.

3. But Master, if I had been the Sexton,  
I would have been that day in the Belfrey.

2. Why man ?

3. Because he should have swallowed me too,  
And when I had been in his belly,  
I would have kept such a jangling of the bells,  
That he should never have left,  
Till he cast Bells, Steeple, Church and Parish up again :  
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my mind,

*Per.* *Simonides* ?

3. We would purge the Land of these Drones,  
That rob the Bee of her honny.

*Per.* How from the fenny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,  
And from their watry Empire recollect,  
All that may men approve, or men detect.  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,  
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it ?

*Per.* Y may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

2. What a drunken knave was the sea,

To cast thee in our way.

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball  
For them to play upon, intreats you pity him :  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg ?

Here's them in our Country of *Greece*,  
Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then ?

*Per.* I never practis'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure ; for here's nothing  
to be got now-a-daies, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been, I have forgot to know ;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on :  
A man throng'd up with cold, my veins are chill,  
And have no more of life, then may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help :  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gown here,  
come put it on, keep thee warme : now afore me a hand-  
some fellow : Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have  
flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more ; or Pud-  
dings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

2. Hark you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

*Per.* I did but crave.

2. But crave ? then I'll turn craver too,  
And so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggers whipt then ?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all : for if all your beg-  
gers were whipt. I would wish no better office, then to be  
Beadle. But Master, I'll go draw the Net.

*Per.* How well this honest mirth becomes their labour ?

1. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are ?

*Per.* Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoli*,  
And our King, the good *Simonides*.

*Per.* The good King *Simonides*, do you call him :

1. I sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,  
For his peaceable reigne, and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy King, since he gains from  
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.  
How far is his Court distant from this shore ?

1. Marry, sir, half a daies journey : and I'll tell you, he  
hath a fair daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and  
there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the  
world, to Juft and Turney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires,  
I could wish to make one there.

2. O sir, things must be as they may : and what a man  
Cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wives soul.

*Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.*

2. Help, Master, help, here's a fish hangs in the Net, like  
a poor mans right in the law, 'twill hardly come out. Ha  
bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty Armor.

*Per.* An Armor, friends, I pray you let me see it.

Thanks Fortune, yet that after all crosses,  
Thou givest me somewhat to repair my self :  
And though it was mine own part of mine heritage,  
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge, even as he left his life :  
Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a shield  
'Twixt me and death ; and pointed to this *Brayle* :  
For that it saved me ; keep it in like necessity :  
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.  
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it,  
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man )  
Took it in rage, though calm'd bath given't again :  
I thank thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,  
Since I have here my fathers gift in's will.

1. What mean you, sir ?

*Per.* To beg of you ( kind friends ) this coat of worth,  
For it was sometime Target to a King,  
I know it by this mark : he loved me dearly,  
And for his sake, I wish the having of it :  
And that you'd guide me to your Sovereigns Court,  
Where with it I may appear a Gentleman :  
And if that ever my low fortune's better,  
I'll pay your bounties ; till then rest your debtor.

1. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady ?

*Per.* I'll shew the vertue I have born in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods give thee good an't.

2. But hark you, my friend, 'twas we that made up this  
garment through the rough seams of the waters : there are  
certain condolements, certain vails ; I hope, sir, if you  
thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

*Per.* Believe it I will :

By your furtherance I am cloathed in Steel,  
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,  
This Jewell holds his building on my arme :  
Unto thy value I will mount my self.  
Upon a Courser, whose delightful steps,  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread ;  
Only (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a payre of Bases.

2. We'll sure provide, thou shalt have  
My best gown to make thee a pair ;  
And I'll bring thee to the Court my self.

*Per.* Then honour be but a Goal to my will,  
This day I'll rise, or else adde ill to ill.

*Enter*

*Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.*

Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and stay your coming, To present themselves.

*King.* Return them; we are ready, and our Daughter In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are, (here, Sits here like beauties child, whom Nature gat, For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

*Thai.* It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse My commendations great, whose merit's lesse.

*King.* It's fit it should be so; for Princes are A modell which heaven makes like it self:

As Jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So Princes their Renownes, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertain The labour of each Knight, in his device.

*Thai.* Which to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*The first Knight passes by.*

*King.* Who is the first, that doth preferre himself?

*Thai.* A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned Father)

And the device he beares upon his shield, Is a black *Æthiope* reaching at the Sun;

The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

*King.* He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

*The second Knight.*

Who is the second, that presents himself?

*Thai.* A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)

And the device he beares upon his Shield,

Is an armed Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady.

The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.*

*The third Knight.*

*King.* And what's the third?

*Thai.* The third of *Antioch*; and his device

A wreath of Chivalry: the word, *Me Pompey provexit*

*The fourth Knight.*

*King.* What is the fourth?

*Thai.* A burning Torch that's turn'd upside down;

The word, *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

*King.* Which shewes that beauty hath his power and Which can as well enflame, as it can kill. (will,

*The fifth Knight.*

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,

Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tri'd:

The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

*The sixth Knight.*

*King.* And what's the sixth and last, the which the Knight himself with such a gracefull courtesie deliverd?

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger: but his Present is

A withered Branch, that's onely green at top;

The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

*King.* A pretty morall; from the dejected state wherein he is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better then his outward shew can any way speak in his just commend: For by his rusty out-side, he appears to have practised more the Whiptock, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes to an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust Untill this day, to scower it in the dust.

*King.* Opinion's but a foole, that make us scan The outward habit by the inward man,

But stay, the Knights are coming,

We will withdraw into the Gallery.

*Great shouts, and all cry, the mean Knight.*

*Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.*

*King.* Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.

I place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a Title page, your worth in armes, Were more then you expect, or more then's fit, Since every worth in shew commends it self: Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast. You are Princes, and my guests.

*Thai.* But you, my Knight and guest, To whom this wreath of victory I give, And Crown you King of this dayes happinesse.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

*King.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours, And here, I hope, is none that envies it:

In framing an Artift, Art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed,

And you her labour'd Schollar: come, Queen oth' Feast,

For (Daughter) so you are, here take your place:

Martiall the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honoured much by good *Symoni des.*

*King.* Your presence glads our dayes, honour we love, For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

*Marfb.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

1. *Knighr.* Contend not, fir, for we are Gentlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,

Envy the great, nor doe the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous Knights.

*King.* Sit, sit, sit.

By *Jove* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,

These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.

*Thai.* By *Juno* (that is Queen of Marriage)

All Viands that I eat doe seem unfavoury,

Wishing him my meat: sure he's a gallant Gentleman.

*King.* He's but a country gentleman: has done no more

Then other Knights have don't, has broken a staffe,

Or so; let it passe.

*Thai.* To me he seems a Diamond to Glasse.

*Per.* Yon King's to me, like to my Father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was,

And Princes sat like starres about his Throne,

And he the Sun, for them to reverence;

None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,

Did vaile their Crowns to his supremacy;

Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darknesse none in light:

Whereby I see that Time's the King of men,

For he's their Parents, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*King.* What, are you merry, Knights?

*Knights.* Who can be other in this royall presence?

*King.* Here, with a cup that's stir'd unto the brimme,

As you doe love, fill to your Mistrresse lips,

We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your Grace.

*King.* Yet pawle a while; yon Knight doth sit too me-

As if the entertainment in our Court, (lancholly,

Had not a shew might countervaille his worth:

Note it not you, *Thaisa*;

*Thai.* What is't to me, my Father?

*King.* O, attend, my Daughter,

Princes in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:

And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd, are wondred at:

Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,

Here,

Here, say we drink this standing bowle of wine to him.

*Tbai.* Alasse, my Father, it befits not me,  
Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold,  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.

*King.* How? doe as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Tbai.* Now by the gods, he could not please me better.

*King.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of  
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage. (him,

*Tbai.* The King my Father (sir) hath drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Tbai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Tbai.* And further, he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A Gentleman of Tyre, my name *Pericles*,  
My education been in Arts and Armes.

Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough Seas reft of ships and men,  
And after ship-wrack, driven upon this shore.

*Tbai.* He thanks your Grace; names himself *Pericles*,  
A Gentleman of Tyre, who only by misfortune of the seas,  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

*King.* Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholly.

Come, Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a Souldiers dance:

I will not have excuse, with saying that  
Loud Musick is too harsh for Ladies heads,  
Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.

*They Dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,  
Come, sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have heard, you Knights of Tyre,  
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them, they are (my Lord.)

*King.* Oh that's as much, as you would be deny'd  
Of your fair courtesie: unclaspe, unclaspe.

*They Dance.*

Thanks, Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct  
These Knights unto their severall Lodgings:  
Yours, sir, we have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your Graces pleasure.

*King.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that's the marke I know you levell at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,  
To morrow, all for speeding doe their best.

*Enter Helicanus, and Ercanes.*

*Hell.* No, *Ercanes*, know this of me,  
*Antiochus* from incest liv'd not free:  
For which, the most high gods not minding  
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that  
They had in store, due to his hainous  
Capitall offence; even in the height and pride  
Of all his glory, when he was seated in  
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his Daughter  
With him; a fire from heaven came and shrivel'd  
Up those bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them buriall.

*Ercanes.* It was very strange.

(great,

*Hell.* And yet but justice; for though this King were

His greatnesse was no guard to barre heavens shaft.  
By sin had his reward.

*Ercan.* 'Tis very true.

*Enter two or three Lords.*

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,  
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

*Hell.* With me? and welcome, happy day, my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,  
And now at length they over-flow their banks.

*Hell.* Your griefs, for what?

Wrong not your Prince you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your self then, noble *Hellican*,  
But if the Prince doe live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out:

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there,

And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:

Or dead, give's cause to mourn his Funerall,

And leave us to our free Election.

2. *Lor.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,  
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,

Like goodly buildings left without a Roof,

Soon fall to ruine: your noble self,

That best knowes how to rule, and how to reign.

We thus submit unto our Sovereign.

*Omnes.* Live, noble *Hellican*.

*Hell.* Try honours cause; forbear your suffrages:

If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear,

(Take I your wish, I leap into the Seas,

Where's hourly trouble, for a minutes ease)

A twelve-moneth longer, let me entreat you

To forbear the absence of your King;

If in which time expir'd, he not return,

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love,

Go search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,

And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,

Whom if you finde, and winne unto return,

You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crown.

1. *Lord.* To wisdom, he's a foole that will not yield,

And since Lord *Hellican* enjoineth us,

We with our travels will endeavour.

*Hell.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands,

When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands. *Exit.*

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one door,*

*and the Knights meet him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

*King.* Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelve-moneth, she'll not undertake  
A married life: her reason to her self is onely known,  
Which yet from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her (my Lord)

*King.* Faith, by no meanes, she hath so strictly  
Tie'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible:

One twelve Moons more she'll wear *Dianæ's* livery:

This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath she vowed,

And on her Virgin honour will not break.

3. *Knig.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. *Exit.*

*King.* So, they are well dispatcht,

Now to my daughters Letter; she tells me here,

She'll wed the stranger Knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine,

I like that well : nay how absolute she's in't,  
Not minding whether I dislike or no.  
Well, I doe commend her choyce, and will no longer  
Have it be delayed : foft, here he comes,  
I muft difsemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good *Simonides*.

*King.* To you as much : Sir, I am beholding to you,  
For your sweet mufick this laft night :  
I doe proteft, my eares were never better fed  
With fuch delightfull pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your Graces pleasure to commend,  
Not my defert.

*King.* Sir, you are Muficks mafter.

*Per.* The worst of all her Schollars (my good Lord)

*King.* Let me afke you one thing.

What doe you think of my Daughter, fir ?

*Per.* A moft virtuous Princeffe.

*King.* And she's fair too, is the not ?

*Per.* As a fair day in Summer : wondrous fair.

*King.* Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,  
I, fo well, that you muft be her Mafter,  
And she will be your Schollar ; therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy to be her Schoolmafter.

*King.* She thinks not fo, perufe this writing elfe.

*Per.* What's here, a Letter, that she loves the Knight of  
(Tyre ?

Oh feek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,  
A ftranger and diftressed Gentleman,  
That never aim'd fo high to love your Daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*King.* Thou haft bewitcht my Daughter,  
And thou art a Villain.

*Per.* By the gods I have not ; never did thought  
Of mine levy offence ; nor never did my actions  
Yet commence, a deed might gain her love,  
Or your difpleafure.

*King.* Traitor, thou lyest.

*Per.* Traitor !

*King.* I, Traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat, unleffe it be a King,  
That calls me Traitor, I return the lye.

*King.* Now by the gods I doe applaud his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never rellisht of a bafe defcent :  
I came unto the Court for honours caufe,  
And not be a Rebel to her ftate :  
And he that otherwife accounts of me,  
This Sword fhall prove, he's honours enemy.

*King.* No? here comes my Daughter, she can witnefs it.

*Enter Thaisa.*

*Per.* Then as you are as virtuous, as fair,  
Refolve your angry Father, if my tongue  
Did e're follicite, or my hand fubfcribe  
To any fyllable that made love to you ?

*Thai.* Why, fir, if you had, who takes offence,  
At that would make me glad ?

*King.* Yea, miftreis, are you fo peremptory ?  
I am glad of it withall my heart,  
I'll tame you, I'll bring you in fubjection.  
Will you, not having my content,  
Beftow your love and your affections,  
Upon a ftranger ? who, for ought I know,  
May be (nor can I think the contrary)  
As great in blood as I my felf.  
Therefore hear you, Miftrefse, either frame

Your will to mine ; and you, fir, hear you,  
Either be rul'd by me, or I'll make you-----  
Man and Wife ; nay, come your hands  
And lips muft feale it too : and being joyn'd,  
I'll thus your hopes deftroy, and for further grief,  
God give you joy ; what, are you both pleased ?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, fir.

*Per.* Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

*King.* What, are you both agreed ?

*Amb.* Yes, if it please your Majefty.

*King.* It pleaseth me fo well, that I will fee you wed,  
And then with what hafte you can, get you to bed.

*Enter Gower.*

*Now yfleep flaked bath the rout,  
No din but fnores about the bouse.  
Made louder by the ore-fee beaft,  
Of this moft pompous marriage feaft :  
The Cat with syne of burning coale,  
Now couches from the Mouses bole ;  
And Cricket fing at the Ovens moutb,  
Are the blifter for their drouth :  
Hymen bath brought the Bride to bed,  
Where by the loffe of Maiden-bead,  
A Babe is moulded, by attent,  
And time that is fo briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly each,  
What's dumbe in fhew, I'll plain with fpeech.*

*Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door with attendants, a Messenger meets them, kneeles, and gives Pericles a Letter, Pericles fhewes it Simonides, the Lords kneele to him ; then enter Thaisa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurfe, the King fhewes her the Letter, she rejoyces : she and Pericles take leave of her Father, and depart.*

*By many a dearne and painfull pearcb  
Of Pericles, the carefull fearch,  
By the four oppofing Crignes,  
Which the world together joynea,  
Is made with all due diligence,  
That horfe and faile, and high expence,  
Can feed the queft at laft from Tyre,  
Fame answering the moft ftrange enquire,  
To th' Court of King Simonides,  
Are Letters brought, the tenour thefe :  
Antiochus and his Daughter's dead,  
The men of Tyrus, on the bead  
Of Hellicanus would fet on  
The Crown of Tyre, but he will none :  
The mutiny, be there bastes t' oppreff,  
Sayes to them, if King Pericles  
Come not home in twice fix Moones,  
He, obedient to their doomes,  
Will take the Crown : the fumme of this  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Irony fhed the Regions round,  
And every one with claps can found,  
Our beir apparant is a King :  
Who dreams ? who thought of fuch a thing ?  
Brief, be muft hence depart to Tyre,  
His Queen with child, makes her defire,  
Which who fhall croffe along to go,  
Omit we all their dole and woe :  
Lychorida her Nurfe she takes,  
And fo to Sea ; then vefsell fhakes,*

*Aside.*

*Aside.*

On

On Neptunes billow, half t'be flood,  
 Hath their Kaele cut : but fortune now'd  
 Varies again, the grisly North  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That as a Duck for life t'bat drives,  
 So up and down the poor ship dives :  
 The Lady shrieks, and well-a-need,  
 Doth fall in travell with her fear :  
 And what ensues in this self storme,  
 Shall for it self, it self performe :  
 I will relate, action may  
 Conveniently t'be rest convey ;  
 Which might not ? what by me is told,  
 In your imagination bold :  
 This Stage, t'be Ship, upon whose Deck,  
 The Seas tof Pericles, appears to speak.

*Enter Pericles on Shipboard.*

*Per.* The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges  
 Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast  
 Upon the winde command, bind them in Brasse,  
 Having call'd them from the deep, O still  
 Thy dearning dreadful thunders ; daily quench  
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes : O how, *Lycorida* ?  
 How does my Queen ? then storm venomously,  
 Wilt thou spet all thy self ? the Seamans whistle  
 Is a whisper in the eares of death,  
 Unheard *Lycorida* ? *Lucina*, oh !  
 Divinest Patronesse, and my Wife, gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity  
 Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the pangs  
 Of my Queens travels. Now, *Lycorida*.

*Enter Lycorida.*

*Lycor.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
 Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to doe :  
 Take in your armes this piece of your dead Queen.

*Per.* How ? how, *Lycorida* ?

*Lycor.* Patience, good sir, doe not affist the storme,  
 Here's all that is left living of our Queen ;  
 A little Daughter, for the sake of it  
 Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* Oh you gods !

Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts,  
 And snatch them straight away ?  
 We here below, recall not what we give,  
 And we therein may use honour with you.

*Lycor.* Patience, good sir, even for this charge.

*Per.* Now milde may be thy life,  
 For a more blustering birth had never Babe :  
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions ;  
 For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world,  
 That ever was Princes Childe : happy that followes,  
 Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,  
 As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, and Heaven can make,  
 To harold thee from the wombe :  
 Even at the first, thy losse is more then can  
 Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde here :  
 Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it.

*Enter two Saylor.*

1. *Sayl.* What courage, sir ? God save you.

*Per.* Courage enough, I doe not fear the flaw,  
 It hath done to me the worst : yet for the love  
 Of this poor Infant, this fresh new Sea-farer,  
 I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there ; thou wilt not, wilt thou ?  
 Blow and split thy self.

2. *Sayl.* But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy bil-  
 low kisse the Moon, I care not.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queen must over-board,  
 The Sea works high, the winde is loud,  
 And will not lie till the Ship be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1. Pardon us, sir ; with us at Sea it still hath bin observed,  
 And we are strong in Eastern, therefore briefly yield her.

*Per.* As you think meet, for she must o're-board  
 Most wretched Queen. (straight,

*Lycor.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my Dear)

No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements  
 Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time  
 To bring thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight  
 Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,  
 Where for a Monument upon thy bones.

The ayre remaining lamps, the belching Whale,  
 And humming water must o'rewhelme thy Corps,  
 Lying with simple shells : Oh *Lycorida*,  
 Bid *Nesfor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,  
 My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*  
 Bring me the Sattin Coffin ; lay the Babe  
 Upon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say  
 A Priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman.

2. *Sayl.* Sir, we have a Chest beneath the hatches,  
 Caulkt and bittumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee : Marriner say, what Coast is this ?

2. *Sayl.* We are near *Tbarsus*.

*Per.* Thither, gentle Marriner,  
 Alter thy course for Tyre : when canst thou reach it ?

2. *Sayl.* By break of day, if the winde cease.

*Per.* O make for *Tbarsus*,  
 There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe  
 Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there I'll leave it  
 At carefull nursing : go thy wayes, good Marriner,  
 I'll bring the body presently. *Exit.*

*Enter Lord Cerymon with a Servant.*

*Cer.* *Phylemon*, ho.

*Enter Philemon.*

*Phil.* Doth my Lord call ?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men,  
 It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Ser.* I have been in many : but such a night as this,  
 Till now, I ne're endured.

*Cer.* Your Master will be dead ere you return,  
 There's nothing can be ministred to nature,  
 That can recover him : give this to the Pothecary,  
 And tell me how it works.

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early ?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleak upon the Sea,  
 Shook as if the earth did quake :

The very principles did seem to rend and all to topple,  
 Pure surprize and fear made me to leave the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,  
 'Tis not our husbandry.

*Cer.* O you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvell that your Lordship  
 Having rich attire about you, should at these early houres  
 Shake off the golden slumber of repose ; 'tis most strange,  
 Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
 Being thereto not compelled.

*Cer.* I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning.

Were

Were endowments greater, then Nobleness and Riches,  
Careless heirs may the two latter darken and expend ;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a Man a God :  
'Tis known, I ever have studied Physick,  
Through which secret Art, by turning o're Authority,  
I have together with my practise, made familiar  
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwells  
In vegetives, in Mettals, Stones : and can speak of the  
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;  
Which doth give me a more content in course of true de-  
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour, (light  
Or tye my pleasure up in filken Bags,  
To please the Fool and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Ephefus*,  
Poured forth your charity, and hundred call themselves  
Your Creatures ; who by you have been restored,  
And not your knowledge, your personall pain,  
But even your purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*  
Such strong renown, as never shall decay.

*Enter two or three with a Chest.*

*Ser.* So, lift there.

*Cer.* What's that ?

*Ser.* Sir, even now did the Sea, toss'e up upon our shore  
This Chest ; 'tis of some wrack.

*Cer.* Set it down, let us look upon it.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis like a Coffin, sir.

*Cer.* What e're it be, 'tis wondrous heavy ;  
Wrench it open straight :

If the Seas stomach be o're-charg'd with gold,  
'Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis so, my Lord. (it up ?)

*Cer.* How close 'tis caulkt and bottom'd, did the sea cast

*Ser.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as tost it upon  
shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open ; it smells most sweetly in my

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour. (fence.)

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostrill : so, up with it.

Oh you most potent gods ! what's here, a Coarse ?

1. *Gent.* Most strange.

*Cer.* Shrowded in cloth of state, balm'd and entreaured  
With full bags of Spices, a Passport to *Apollo*,  
Perfect me in the Characters.

*Here I give to understand,  
If e're this Coffin drive a land ;  
I King Pericles have lost  
This Queen, worth all our mundane cost :  
Who finds her, give her burying,  
She was the Daughter of a King.  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requite his charity.*

If thou livest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe : this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay certainly to night, for look how fresh she  
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea. (looks,  
Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my Closet,  
Death may usurp on Nature many houres,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again the o're-prest spirits.  
I heard of an *Aegyptian* that had nine houres been dead,  
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Enter one with Napkins and Fire.*

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,  
The rough and wofull musick that we have,

Cause it to sound I beseech you :  
The Viall once more ; how thou stirrest, thou block ?  
The Musick there : I pray you give her aire ;  
Gentlemen, this Queen will live,  
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her ;  
She hath not been entrant above five houres,  
See how the gins to blow into lifes flower again.

1. *Gent.* The heavens through you, encrease our wonder,  
And sets up your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive, behold her eye-lids,  
Cafes to those heavenly jewels which *Pericles* hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold  
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appear,  
To make the world twice rich, live, and make us weep,  
To hear your fate, fair creature, rare as you seem to be.

*She moves.*

*Thai.* O dear *Diana*, where am I ? where's my Lord ?  
What world is this ?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1. *Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,  
To the next chamber bear her, get linnen ;  
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse  
Is mortall : come, come, and, *Esculapius*, guide us.

*They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.*

## Actus Tertius.

*Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionisia.*

*Per.* Most honoured *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,  
My twelve moneths are expir'd, and *Tyre* stands  
In a peace : you and your Lady take from my heart  
All thankfulness. The gods make up the rest upon you.

*Cleon.* Your shakes of fortune, though they hate you  
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on us. (pleased)

*Dion.* O your sweet Queen ! that the strict fates had  
You had brought her hither to have blest mine eyes with

*Per.* We cannot but obey the powers above us ; (her.  
Could I rage and rore as doth the Sea she lies in,  
Yet the end must be as 'tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,  
Whom (for she was born at Sea) I have named so,  
Here, I charge your charity withall ; leaving her  
The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her  
Princely training, that she may be manner'd as she is  
born.

*Cleon.* Fear not (my Lord) but think your Grace,  
That fed my Country with your Corn ; for which,  
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, must in your  
Childe

Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,  
The common body that's by you reliev'd,  
Would force me to my duty ; but if to that,  
My nature need a spur, the gods revenge it  
Upon me and mine, to the end of generation.

*Per.* I believe you, your honour and your goodnesse,  
Teach me toot without your vowes, till she be married,  
Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,  
All unsister'd shall this heir of mine remain,  
Though I shew will in't : so I take my leave :  
Good Madam, make me blessed, in your care  
In bringing up my Childe.

*Dion.* I have one my self, who shall not be more dear  
to my respect than yours, my Lord.

*Per.*



*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cleon.* We'll bring your Grace to the edge of the shore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace your offer, come, dearest Madam : O no teares, *Lychorida*, no teares ; look to your little Mistris, on whose grace you may depend hereafter : come, my Lord.

*Enter Cerymon, and Thaisa.*

*Cer.* Madam, this Letter, and some certain Jewels, Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command : Know you the Character ? (mand :

*Thai.* It is, my Lords, that I was shipt at Sea, I well remember, even on my eaning time : but whether there delivered, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say : but since King *Pericles*, my wedded Lord, I ne're shall see again, a vestall livery will I take me to, and never more have joy.

*Cler.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak, *Dianaes* Temple is not distant farre, Where you may abide till your date expire, Moreover if you please, a Neece of mine, Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompence is thanks, that's all, Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

*Exit.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Gower.* Imagine *Pericles* arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire ;  
His wofull Queen we leave at *Ephesus*,  
Unto *Diana*, there's a *Votaresse*.  
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,  
Whom our fast growing scene must finde  
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* train'd  
In *Musicks* letters, who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes high both the art and place  
Of generall wonder : but alack  
That monster *Envy* oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, *Marina's* life  
Seek to take off by treason's knife,  
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath  
One Daught' and a full grown wench,  
Even ripe for Marriage fight : this Maid  
Hight *Philoten* : and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with *Marina* be,  
Be't when they weav'd the steeled silk,  
With fingers long, small, white as milk,  
Or when she would with sharp needle wound  
The *Cambrick*, which she made more sound  
By hurting it, or when to th' Lute  
She sung, and made t' be night bed mute,  
That still records within one, or when  
She would with rich and constant pen,  
Vaile to her Mistrisse *Dion* fill,  
This *Phyloten* contends in skill  
With absolute *Marina* : so  
The Dove of *Paphos* might with t' be Crow  
Vie feathers white. *Marina* gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given, this so dark's  
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,  
That *Cleon's* Wife with envy rare,  
A present Murderer do's prepare  
For good *Marina*, that her Daught'ier  
Might stand peerlesse by this slaught'ier.

The sooner her vile thoughts to head,  
*Lychorida* our Nurse is dead,  
And curs'd *Dionizia* hath  
The pregnant instrument of wrath  
Preft for this blow, the unborn event,  
I doe commend to your content,  
Onely I carried winged Time,  
Posse on the lame feet of my rime,  
Which never could I so convey,  
Unless your thoughts went on my way.  
*Dionizia* doth appear,  
With *Leonine* a Murderer.

*Exit.*

*Enter Dionizia, and Leonine.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it, 'tis but a blow, which never shall be known, thou canst not doe a thing in the world so soon, to yield thee so much profit, let not conscience which is but cold, inflaming thy love bosome, enflame too nicely ; nor let pitty, which even women have cast off, melt thee, but be a souldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I will do't, but yet she is a goodly Creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistrisse death : Thou art resolv'd ?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter Marina with a Basket of Flowers.*

*Mar.* No : I will rob *Tellus* of her weed, to strew thy Grave with Flowers : the yellows, blewes, the purple Violets and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave, while Summer dayes doth last. Aye me, poor Maid, born in a tempest, when my Mother di'd : this world to me is like a lasting storme, hurrying me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, *Marina* ? why de'ye weep alone ? How chance my Daughter is not with you ? Doe not consume your blood with forrowing, You have a Nurse of me. Lord ? how your favour's Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe :

Come give me your Flowers, ere the Sea marre it, Walk with *Leonine*, the aire is quick there, And it pierces and sharpens the stomach ; Come, *Leonine*, take her by the arme, walk with her.

*Mar.* No I pray you, I'll not bereave you of your Servant.

*Dion.* Come, come, I love the King your Father, and your self, with more then foreign heart ; we every day expect him here, when he shall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blasted. He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken no care to your best courses. Go I pray you, walk and be cheerfull once again ; reserve that excellent complexion, which did steale the eyes of young and old. Care not for me, I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go, but yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you : Walk half an houre, *Leonine*, at the least. Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, Madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while : pray walk softly, doe not heat your blood : What, I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet Madam. Is the winde Westerly that blowes ?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the winde was North.

*Leon.* Was't so ?

*Mar.*

*Mar.* My Father, as Nurse faith, did never fear, but cryed good Sea-men to the Sailors, galling his Kingly hands, hailing ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a Sea that almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mar.* When I was born, never was waves nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, wathes off a Canvas clymer, ha, faith one, wilt out? and with a dropping industry they skip from stern to stern: the Boat-swain whistles, and the Master calls and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn to doe my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why, will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfie my Lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd now? as I can remember by my troth, I never did hurt her in all my life, I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn to any living creature: believe me now, I never kill'd a Mousse, nor hurt a Flye. I trod upon a worme once against my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein my death might yield her any profit, or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope: you are well favoured, and your looks fore-shew you have a very gentle heart, I saw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-sooth it shewed well in you, do so now, your Lady seeks my life, come you between, and save poor me the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn, and will dispatch.

*Enter Pirates.*

*Pirat.* 1. Hold villain.

*Pirat.* 2. A prize, a prize.

*Pirat.* 3. Half part mates, half part. Come lets have her aboard sodainly. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Leonine.*

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great Pirate *Valdes*, and they have seized *Marina*, let her go, there's no hope she will return: I'll swear she's dead, and thrown into the Sea, but I'll see further, perhaps they will but please themselves upon her, not carry her aboard, if she remain,

Whom they have ravisht, must by me be slain.

*Enter Pander, Boulst and Bawd.*

*Pander.* Boulst.

*Boulst.* Sir.

*Pander.* Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, we lost too much money this Mart, by being too Wenchlesse.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures, we have but poor three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten.

*Pander.* Therefore let's have fresh ones what e're we pay for them, if there be not a conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought some eleven.

*Boulst.* I too eleven, and brought them down again, But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? the stuffe we have, a strong winde will blow it to pieces, they are so pittifully sodden.

*Pander.* Thou say'st true, there's two unwholesome in conscience, the poor *Transylvanian* is dead that lay with the little baggage.

*Boulst.* I, the quickly pout him, she made him roast-meat for wormes, but I'll go search the market. *Exit.*

*Pander.* Three or four thousand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pander.* Oh our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amisse to keep our door hatch'd; besides the fore termes we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving o're.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pander.* As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boulst*.

*Enter Boulst with Pirates, and Mirana.*

*Boulst.* Come your wayes, my masters, you say she's a Sayl. O sir, we doubt it not. *(virgin?)*

*Boulst.* Master, I have gone through for this piece you If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest. *(see,*

*Bawd.* Boulst, has she any qualities?

*Boulst.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good cloathes: there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boulst?

*Boulst.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pander.* Well, follow me, my Masters, you shall have your money presently: wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

*Bawd.* Boulst, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will give most, shall have her first. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

*Boulst.* Performance shall follow.

*Mar.* Alack that *Leonine* was so slack, so slow: He should have struck, not spoke; Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, Had not o're-board thrown me, for to seek my Mother.

*Bawd.* Why weep you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, Where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more's my fault, to scape his hands, Where I was like to dye.

*Bawd.* I, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions: what de'ye stop your eares?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me to be, if I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry whip thee, Goffing: I think I shall have something to doe with you. Come, y're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have ye.

*Mar.* The gods defend me.

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then

then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stirre you up : *Boul's* return'd.

*Enter Boul.*

Now, fir, hast thou cry'd her through the Market ?

*Boul.* I have cri'd her almost to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Baud.* And prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort ?

*Boul.* Faith they listned to me, as they would have hearkned to thir fathers Testament. There was a Spaniards mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Baud.* We shall have him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

*Boul.* To night, to night, but Mistris, do you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams ?

*Baud.* Who, *Monsieur Verollus* ?

*Boul.* I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

*Baud.* Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repair it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boul.* Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this signe.

*Baud.* Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes comming upon you, mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly, despise profit, where you have most gain, to weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers seldome, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meer profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boul.* O take her home, mistris, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

*Baud.* Thou sayest true ifaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boul.* Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistris, if I have bargain'd for the joynt.

*Baud.* Thou maist cut a morfel off the spit.

*Boul.* I may so.

*Baud.* Who should deny it ?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boul.* I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Baud.* *Boul.* spend thou that in the Town, report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custome. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boul.* I warrant you mistris, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eels, as my giving out her beauty stirs up the lewdly enclined, I'll bring home some to night.

*Baud.* Come your wayes, follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untid'd I still my virgin knot will keep.

*Diana* aid my purpose.

*Baud.* What have we to do with *Diana* ? pray you go with us. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cleon and Dionisia.*

*Dion.* Why are you foolish, can it be undone ?

*Cleon.* O *Dionisia*, such a piece of slaughter, The Sun and Moon ne're look'd upon.

*Dion.* I think you'll turn a child again.

*Cleon.* Were I chief Lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much less in bloud

then vertue, yet a Princess to equal all a fingle Crown of the earth, in the justice of compare, O villain, *Leonine*, whom thou hast poisoned too, if thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness becoming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his child ?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurfes are not the fates to foster it, nor ever to preserve, she di'd at night, I'll say so, who can crosse it, unlesse you play the Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry out she di'd by foul play.

*Cleon.* O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that thinks the pretty wrens of *Tharsus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles* ; I do shame to think of what a Noble strain you are, and of how coward a spirit.

*Cleon.* To such proceeding, who ever but his approbation added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honorable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between her and her fortunes : none would look on her, but cast their gazes on *Marina's* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course unnatural, you not your child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of kindness perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cleon.* Heavens forgive it.

*Dion.* And as for *Pericles*, what should he say ? we wept after her hearfe, and yet we mourn : her monument almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expresse a general praise to her, and care in us, at whose expence 'tis done.

*Cleon.* Thou art like the Harpie,  
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,  
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to th'gods, that winter kills the flies,  
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise. *Exit,*

### *Actus Quartus.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,  
Sail seas in Cockles, have and wish but for't :*

*Making to take our imagination,*

*From bourn to bourn, Region to Region.*

*By you being Pard'ned, we commit no crime*

*To use one Language, in each several clime,*

*Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you*

*To learn of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.*

*The stages of our story Pericles,*

*Is now again thwarting the wayward seas ;*

*( Attended on by many a Lord and Knight )*

*To see his daughter, all his lives delight.*

*Old Hellicanus goes along behinde,*

*Is left to govern it : you bear in minde*

*Old Elcanes, whom Hellicanus late*

*Advanc'd in time to great and bigg estate.*

*Well sailing ships, and bounteous mindes have brought*

*This King to Tharsus, think this Pilate thought*

*So with his steerage, shall your thoughts grone*

*To fetch his Daughter home, who first is gone*

*Like*

*Like moats and shadows see them move a while,  
Your eares unto your eyes I'll reconcile.*

Enter Pericles at one door with all his train. Cleon and Dionisia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the Tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on Sack-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. *See how belief may suffer by foule show,  
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe:  
And Pericles in sorrow all devour'd,  
With figes shot through, and biggest teares o're-flow'r'd.  
Leaves Thartus, and again imbarke, be sweares  
Never to wash his face, nor cut his haire,  
He put on Sack-cloth and to Sea he beares,  
A tempest which his mortall Vessell teares.  
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way  
To the Epitaph for Marina, writ by Dionisia.*

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies here,  
Who withered in her spring of year:  
She was of Tyre the King's Daughter,  
On whom foule death hath made this slaughter:  
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,  
That is, being proud, swallow'd some part of th'earth:  
Therefore the earth fearing to be o'reflow'd  
Hath Thartus birth-child on the heavens bestow'd.  
Wherefore she does and sweares she'll never stint,  
Make raging Battry upon shores of flint.

*No visor does become black villany,  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
Let Pericles believe his 'Daubter's' dead,  
And bear his curses to be ordered  
By Lady Fortune, while our steere must play  
His Daughter woe and heavy well-a-day.  
In her unboly service: Patience then,  
And think you now are all in Metaline.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. Gent. Did you ever hear the like?
2. Gent. No, nor never shall doe in such a place as this, she being once gone.
1. Gent. But to have Divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of such a thing?
2. Gent. No, no, come, I am for no more Bawdy Houfes, shall we go hear the Vestalls sing?
1. Gent. I'll doe any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exeunt.*

Enter the three Bawdes.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her she had ne're come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, she is able to frieze the god Triapus, and undoe a whole generation, we must either get her raviht, or be rid of her, when she should doe for clyents her fitment, and doe me the kindnesse of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a Puritane of the Devil, if he should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boul. Faith I must raviht her, or she'll disfigure us of all our Cavaleers, and make all our Swearers Priests.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her green sicknesse for me. Ba. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord Lyfmacbus disguised.

Boul. We should have both Lord and Lown, if the peevish Baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lyfmacbus.

Lyf. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the gods blesse your Honour.

Boul. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Lyf. You may so, 'tis the better for you, that your resorters stand upon sound Legs, how now? wholesome impunity have you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, fir, if she would-----  
But there never came her like in Metaline.

Lyf. If she'd doe the deeds of darknesse, thou would'st fay.

Bawd. Your honour knowes what 'tis to say well enough.

Lyf. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boul. For flesh and blood, fir, white and red, you shall see a Rose, and she were a Rose indeed, if she had but-----

Lyf. What prethee?

Boul. O fir, I can be modest.

Lyf. That dignifies the renown of a Bawd, no lesse then it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which growes to the stalke,  
Never pluckt yet I can assure you.  
Is she not a fair creature?

Lyf. Faith she would serve after a long voyage at Sea,  
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour give me leave a word,  
And I'll have done presently.

Lyf. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. Firft, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governour of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the Countrey, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you use him kindly? he will line your Apron with Gold.

Mar. What he will doe graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lyf. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, she's not pace't yet, you must take some pains to work her to your mannage, come, we will leave his Honour and her together. *Exit Bawd.*

Lyf. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, Sir?

Lyf. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to name it.

Lyf. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E're since I can remember.

Lyf. Did you go to't so young, were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, fir, if now I be one,

Lyf. Why the house you dwell in, proclaimes you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and the Governour of this place.

Lyf. Why? hath your principall made known unto you, who I am?

b 2

Mar.

*Mar.* Who is my Principal?

*Ly.* Why your hearb woman, she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O you have heard some thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private place, come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, shew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

*Lyf.* How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

*Mar.* For me that am a maid, though most ungente Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where since I came, diseases have been sold dearer then Physick, O that the gods would set me free from this unhallow'd place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

*Lyf.* I did not think thou could'st have spoke so well, I ne're dream'd thou could'st; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it, hold, here's gold for thee, persevere in that clear way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee.

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you.

*Ly.* For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the very doors and windows favours vilely, fare thee well, thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been Noble, hold, here's more gold for thee, a curse upon him, die he like a thief that robs thee of thy goodness, if thou dost hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Boul.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Ly.* Avant thou damned door-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sink and overwhelm you away.

*Boul.* How's this? we must take another course with you? if your peevish chaffity, which is not worth a break-fast in the cheapest Country under the coop, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your wayes.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boul.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it, come your way, we'll have no more gentlemen driven away, come your wayes I say.

*Enter Bawds.*

*Bawd.* How now, what's the matter?

*Boul.* Worse and worse, Mistris, she hath here spoken holy words to the Lord *Lyfmacbus*.

*Bawd.* O abominable.

*Boul.* He makes our profession as it were to stink before the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry hang her up for ever.

*Boul.* The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a Snow-ball, saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* *Boul.* take her away, use her at thy pleasure, crack the glasse of her virginity, & make the rest maleable.

*Boul.* And if she were a thornier piece of ground then she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods.

*Bawd.* She conjures, away with her, would she had never come within my doors, Marry hang you, she's born to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up my dish of chaffity, with rosemary and bayse.

*Exit.*

*Boul.* Come mistris, come your wayes with me.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boul.* To take from you the jewel you hold so deer.

*Mar.* Prithee tell me one thing first.

*Boul.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What can'st thou with thine enemy to be?

*Boul.* Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou hold'st a place, for which the painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned door-keeper to every cufferel that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholerick sisting of every rogue, thy ear is liable, thy food is such as hath been belcht on by infectious lungs.

*Boul.* What would you have me do? go to the warra, would you, where a man may serve seven years for the losse of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou dost, empty old receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboon, could he speak, would own a name too dear: Oh, that the gods would safely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gain by me, proclaim that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance, with other virtues, which I'll keep from boast, and will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous City will yield many schollars.

*Boul.* But can you teach all this you speak off?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again, and prostitute me to the basest groom that doth frequent your house.

*Boul.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: If I can place thee I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boul.* Faith my acquaintance lies little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can, come your wayes.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Marina thus the Brot bel scapes, and chanches  
Into an honest house, our story saies;  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess-like to her admired saies:  
Deep Cleark's she dumbs, and with her needle composes  
Natures own shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,  
That even her art, sisters the natural Roses,  
Her Uncle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,  
That pupils lack's she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain  
She gives the curfed Bawd. Leave we her place,  
And to her Father turn our thoughts again,  
Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,  
And driven before the wind, he is arriv'd  
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,  
Suppose him now at Anchor: the City shriv'd  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep, from whence  
Lyfmacbus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence,  
And to him in his Barge with fervour byes.*

*In*

*In your supposing, once more put your fight  
On heavy Pericles, think this his Bark,  
Where what is done in action (more of might  
Shall be discovered) please you fit and bark.*

Exit.

*Enter Helicanus, to him two Sailors.*

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. O here he is, sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyfmacbus* the Governor, who craves to come aboard, what is your will?

*Hell.* That he have his, call up some gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*Hell.* Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray thee greet them fairly.

*Enter Lyfmacbus.*

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolve you.

*Lyf.* Hail, reverent sir, the gods preserve you.

*Hell.* And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would do.

*Lyf.* You with me well; being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hell.* First, what is your place?

*Lyf.* I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

*Hell.* Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his grief.

*Lyf.* Upon what ground is his diftemperance?

*Hell.* It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main grief springs from the losse of a beloved daughter, and a wife.

*Lyf.* May we not see him?

*Hell.* You may, but bootless is your fight, he will not speak to any.

*Lyf.* Let me obtain my wish.

*Hell.* Behold him, this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortal wight drove him to this.

*Lyf.* Sir King, all hail, the gods preserve you, hail, Royal Sir.

*Hell.* It is in vain, he will not speak to you.

*Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words from him.

*Lyf.* 'Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battery through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maids, now upon the levie shelter that abuts against the Island side.

*Hell.* Sure all effectles, yet nothing wee'l omit that bears recoveries name. But since your kindness we have stretcht thus farre, let us beseech you, that for our gold we may have provision, wherein we are not destitute for want, but weary for the staleness.

*Lyf.* O, sir, a courtiesse, which if we should deny, the most just God for every grasse would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict our Province: yet once more let me entreat to know at large the cause of your Kings sorrow.

*Hell.* Sir, sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am prevented.

*Enter Marina.*

*Lyf.* O here's the Lady that I sent for.

Welcome fair one: Is't not a goodly present?

*Hell.* She's a gallant Lady.

*Lyf.* She's such a one, that were I well assur'd, Came of a gentle kind and noble stock, I'd with no better choise, and think me rarely wed. Fair and all goodnesse that consists in beauty, Expect even here, where is a kingly patient, If that thy prosperous and artificial fate, Can draw him but to answer thee in ought, Thy sacred Physick shall receive such pay, As thy desires can with.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use my uttermost skill in his recovery, provided that none but I and my companion maid, be suffered to come near him.

*Lyf.* Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her prosperous. *The Song.*

*Lyf.* Markt he your musick:

*Mar.* No, nor lookt on us.

*Lyf.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir, my Lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Hum, ha.

*Mar.* I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: she speaks, my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grief might equall yours, if both were justly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my derivation was from ancestors who stood equivalent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and awkward casualties, bound me in servitude, I will desist, but there is something glows upon my cheek, and whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

*Per.* My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equal mine; was it not thus, what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so, pray you turn your eyes upon me, y'are like some-thing that, what Country-women hear of these shews?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter might have been: my Queens square brows, her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight, as silver voyc't, her eyes as jewel-like, and cast as richly, in pace another *Juno*. Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry, the more she gives them speech; where do you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger, from the deck you may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred? and how achiev'd you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?

*Mar.* If I should tell my history, it would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Prithee speak, falseness cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as *Justice*, and thou seem'st a *Pallas* for the crowned truth to dwell in, I will believe thee, and make my senses credit thy relation, to points that seem impossible, for thou look'st like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Did'st thou not stay when I did push thee back; which was when I perceived thee that thou cam'st from good descent.

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage, I think thou said'st thou had'st been tost from wrong to injury, and that thou thought'st

thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, if both were opened.

*Mar.* Some such thing I said, and said no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story, if thine considered prove the thousand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have suffered like a girl, yet thou do'st look like patience, gazing on Kings graves, and smiling extremity out of act, what were thy friends? how lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin? recount I do beseech thee, Come sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is *Marina*.

*Per.* Oh I am mockt, and thou by some infenced god sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay I'll be patient, thou little know'st how thou dost startle me to call thy self *Marina*.

*Mar.* The name was given me by one that had some power, my father and a King.

*Per.* How, a Kings daughter, and call'd *Marina*?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse, and are no Fairy?  
Motion? well speak on, where were you born?  
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

*Mar.* Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea? who was thy mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the minute I was born, as my good Nurse *Lycorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

*Per.* O stop there a little, this is the rarest dream That ere dull sleep did mock sad fools withall,  
This cannot be my daughter; buried! well, where were you bred? I'll hear you more to the bottom of your story and never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorn, believe me 'twere best I did give ore.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable of what you shall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

*Mar.* The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leave me,  
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having wooed a villain  
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of Pyrats came and rescued me,  
Brought me to *Meteline*.

But, good sir, whether will you have me? why do you weep?  
It may be you think me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

*Per.* Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

*Hell.* Call's my Lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor,  
Most wise in general, tell me if thou can'st, what this maid is,

Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

*Hell.* I know not, but here's the Regent, sir, of *Meteline*, speaks nobly of her.

*Lyf.* She never would tell her parentage,  
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.

*Per.* Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me, honored sir, give me a gash, put me to present pain, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-bear the shores of my mortality, and drown me with their sweetness: Oh come hither.

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget,  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,

And found at sea again: O *Hellicanus*,  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud  
As thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*.

What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray what is your Title?

*Per.* I am *Pericles* of Tyre, but tell me now my Drown'd Queens name, as in the rest you said,  
Thou hast bin god-like perfect, the heir of Kingdomes,  
And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

*Mar.* Is it not more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mothers name is *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

*Per.* Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my child.  
Give me fresh garments, mine own *Hellicanus*, she is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should have been by savage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneel, and justifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princess; who is this?

*Hell.* Sir, 'tis thee Governor of *Meteline*, who hearing of your melancholly, did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you; give me my robes;  
I am wild in my beholding. Oh heaven bleese my girl.  
But hark, what Musick's this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*,  
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seems to doat,  
How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musick?

*Hell.* My Lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None? the musick of the spheres, list my *Marina*.

*Lyf.* It is not good to crosse him, give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds, do ye not hear?

*Lyf.* Musick, my Lord, I hear.

*Per.* Most heavenly musick,  
It nips me unto listning, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest,

*Lyf.* A pillow for his head, so leave him all.  
Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my just belief, I'll well remember you.

## Actus Quintus.

### Diana.

*Diana.* My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,  
Hie thee thither, and do upon mine Altar sacrifice. There when my maiden priests are met together, before all the people reveale how thou at sea did'st lose thy wife, to mourn thy crosses with thy daughters call, and give them repitition to the like: or performe my bidding, or thou livest in woe: do't, and happy by my silver bow; awake and tell thy dream.

*Per.* Celestial *Dian*, Goddess *Argentine*,  
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

*Per.* My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike  
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other service first,  
Toward *Ephesus* turn our blown sayls,  
Eftsoons I'll tell why, shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, and give you gold for such provision as our intents will need.

*Lyf.* Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore,  
I have another sleight.

*Pericl.* You shall prevail, were it to wooe my daughter,

daughter, for it seems you have been noble towards her.

*Lyf.* Sir, lend me your arme.

*Per.* Come, my *Marina*.

*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

*Now our sands are almost run,  
More a little, and then dum.  
This my last boon give me,  
For such kindness must relieve me:  
That you aptly will suppose,  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,  
The Regent made in Metalin,  
To greet the King; so be thriued,  
That he is promised to be wived  
To fair Marina, but in no wife,  
Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bad, wheretoe being bound,  
The Interim pray, you all confound.  
In fetter'd briefness says are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as their will'd.  
At Ephesus the Temple see,  
Our King, and all his company.  
That he can hithe come so soon,  
Is by your fancies thank full doom.*

*Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyfimbabus, Hellicanus,  
*Marina, and others.*

*Per.* Hail *Dian*, to performe thy just command,  
I here confels my self the King of *Tyre*.  
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*,  
the fair *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought  
forth a Maid childe called *Marina*, whom, O goddesse,  
wears yet thy silver livery, she at *Tharfus* was nurst with  
*Cleon*, who at fourteen years he fought to murder, but her  
better stars brought her to *Metaline*, gainst whose shore  
riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard to us, where  
by her own most clear remembrance, she made known  
her self my daughter.

*Th.* Voice and favour, you are, you are, O royal *Pericles*.

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies, help gentlemen.

*Cer.* Sir, if you have told *Diana's* Altar true, this is  
your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appeater, no, I threw her over-board  
with these very armes.

*Cer.* Upon this Coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the Lady; O she's but overjoy'd.  
Early in blust'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon  
this shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich jewels,  
recovered her, and placed her here in *'Diana's* Temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
whether I invite you, look, *Thaisa* is recovered.

*Thai.* O let me look if he none of mine, my sanctity  
will to my fence bend no licentious ear, but curb it spight  
of seeing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him  
you speak, like him you are: did you not name a tem-  
pest, a birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead *Thaisa*.

*Thai.* That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.  
*Per.* Immortal *Dian*!

*Thai.* Now I know you better, when we with tears part-  
ed *Pentapolis*, the King my father gave you such a ring.

*Per.* This, this, no more, you gods, your preser-  
v'd kindnesse makes my past miseries sport, you shall do  
well, that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and  
no more be seen; O come, be buried a second time with-  
in these armes.

*Mar.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers  
bosome.

*Per.* Look who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh, *Thaisa*,  
thy burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was  
yielded there.

*Thai.* Blest, and mine own.

*Hell.* Hail Madam, and my Queen.

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say when I did flye from  
*Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute; can you remem-  
ber what I call'd the man, I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas *Hellicanus* then.

*Per.* Still confirmation, embrace him dear *Thaisa*,  
this is he, now do I long to hear how you were found?  
how possibly preserved? and who to thank (besides the  
gods) for this great miracle?

*Thai.* Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through  
whom the gods have shewn their power, that can from  
first to last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir, the gods can have no mortal offi-  
cer more like a god then you, will you deliver how this  
dead Queen re-lives?

*Cer.* I will, my Lord, beseech you first go with me un-  
to my house, where shall be shewn you all was found with  
her; how she came plac'd here in the Temple, no need-  
full thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure *Dian* bleste thee for thy vision, I will offer  
night oblations to thee; *Thaisa*, this Prince, the fair be-  
trothed of your daughter, shall marry at *Pentapolis*, and  
now this ornament that makes me look dismal, will I clip  
to forme, and what this fourteen years no razor toucht,  
to grace thy marriage day, I'll beautifie.

*Thai.* Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir,  
my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a Star of him, yet here, my Queen,  
we'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves will in that  
kingdome spend our following dayes; our son and  
daughter shall in *Tyrus* reign.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,

To hear the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gower.

*In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard  
Of monstrous lust, the due and just reward:*

*In Pericles his Queen and daughter seen,  
Although assay'd with Fortune fierce and keen,  
Vertue preferred from fell destructions blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.*

*In Hellicanus may you well descry,  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:*

*In reverend Cerimon there well appears,  
The worth that learned charity eye wears.*

*For wicked Cleon and his wife, when Fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honor'd name*

*Of Pericles, to rage the City turn,*

*That him and his, they in his Pallace burn:*

*The gods for murder seem'd so content,*

*To punish, although not done, but meant.*

*So on your paticences ever more attending,  
New joy wait on you, here our play bath ending.*

THE



THE  
A C T O R S  
N A M E S.

*Antiochus a Tyrant of Greece.*  
*Hesperides daughter to Antiochus.*  
*Pericles Prince of Tyre.*  
*Hellicanus. } two Lords of Tyre.*  
*Escanes. }*  
*Tbaliard servant to Antiochus.*  
*Cleon Governor of Tharfus.*  
*Dionisia wife to Cleon.*  
*Symonides King of Pentapolis.*  
*Tbaisa daughter to Symonides.*  
*Marina daughter to Pericles and Tbaisa.*  
*Lycorida Nurse to Marina.*

*Lyfimachus Governor of Metaline.*  
*Cerimon a Lord of Ephesus.*  
*Philoten daughter to Cleon,*  
*Leonine a Murderer, servant to Dionisia.*  
*Diana, a goddess appearing to Pericles.*  
*Gower.*  
*Lords &c.*  
*Knights tilting in Honor of Tbaisa.*  
*Saylors.*  
*Pirates.*  
*Fishermen.*  
*Messengers.*

F I N I S.







